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A SERIOUS DUTY.

To-day the Grand Jury begins its investigation into the cause of the collision in the Fourth Avenue Tunnel on Feb. 30th, through which six persons lost their lives. Abundant evidence exists and it should all be presented. This is perhaps one of the most serious questions that any New York Grand Jury has ever had to consider, and consequently the greatest care and judgment must be used. There should be no haste, no feeling, no bias. The primary cause should be sought and the responsibility placed on those who are really to blame, and the punishment of whom may be the means of curing an evil that daily threatens the lives of a large portion of New York's travelling public.

One thing is paramount. If there had been light in the tunnel the disaster could not have happened, for the engineer of the New Haven Local did not see the shop train until the crash told him it was in his way. The blackness of the tunnel also prevented the seeing of the danger signals. The same conditions exist in the tunnel now as at the time of the collision, and indeed as existed at the time of the collision of nine years ago, which happened at the same place, and which was owing to the tunnel being unlighted and without proper ventilation.

The Grand Jury has a serious duty to perform. The people are aroused. They want their lives protected. A big corporation is defying them. Time for decisive action has arrived.

READ WILL STUDY IN EUROPE.

Ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed has gone to Europe to thoroughly study English and Continental parliaments and parliamentary procedure. After the practice during his Speakership of parliamentary tactics as he understood them, he will seek to round his theory by a scrutiny of the usage which obtains in transatlantic countries.

Mr. Reed believes the time is at hand for a parliamentary revolution, and he is only too willing to be its leader. He is nothing if not ambitious. His career in the Speaker's chair has secured him, he declares, a "bearing," which he wishes to turn to good account by his future dealings with the question of parliamentary law and history.

The exhibition of his views on the subject which Mr. Reed advanced during the late Congress makes it convincing that his further departure in the matter of parliamentary innovations in the name of reform will be theoretical rather than practical. It is a matter of great indifference what Mr. Reed's views may be so long as the enforcement of them upon others is not at his command.

NARROW TEMPERANCE DOCTRINE.

A singularly narrow piece of legislation that is proposed in Maine, by which, if it becomes actual law, liquor dealers and persons who drink liquors will become ineligible for jury duty.

There are many precedents to show that some of the social classes do not destroy a man's capacity to perform reasonable duties in courts of law and elsewhere—duties in some cases even more important than those of men in the jury-box. Some of the most distinguished jurists which the country has produced have been excellent judges of good wine and other liquors. That this is so, however, is not an argument against temperance. It is against a too sweeping application of the word and meaning of temperance. It is presumption and narrow bigotry for the Maine Legislature or any other body to sweep away all distinction and declare that what may make a fool of one man incapacitates, therefore, all others for the weighty affairs of life.

A woman committed suicide at the Fresh Pond Crematory, leaving order that she should be cremated in its furnace and that her ashes should be scattered to the winds at its door. She earnestly entreated that there should be "no fuss about it." This feature of committing post-mortem ashes to the vagabond winds for dispersion is becoming a common one in aspirants for cremation. It looks like a contemptuous and weary desire for the most absolute extinction.

Dr. KELLY is treating inebriety as a disease, whose remedy is bi-chloride of gold. Gold, hypodermically injected, is an antidote to the craving for drink, which the introduction of that precious metal into the pocket only serves to foster. The golden rule for the drunkard is a bi-chloride one, internally applied. Gold is more precious than ever if it can redeem the sinner from his fraternal thirst for drink.

The Lord Mayor of London has exposed himself to suspicions of parsimoniousness. He has discharged the City Barber. No wonder the conservative British public should look on the removal of a functionary whose office is hazy with antiquity.

as a mean and nasty thing for the Lord Mayor to do. As there are several things connected with his own office which have no stronger claim to be than that they have been so long, it seems impertinent and revolutionary in him to drop the head of the City Barber into the basket. Let London have that venerable shaver as London forefathers had him. Never mind his utility.

The sister of Miss Anna Dickinson, in a letter to a relative, ascribes the unhappy mental condition of the well-known lecturer in great part to the "unjust and wicked treatment of the Republican party has to answer for. In the mean time Miss Dickinson's physical condition demands treatment which the contributions of friends and sympathizers can alone enable her to receive.

The Central Labor Union has endorsed Assemblyman SULLIVAN'S bill to ventilate and light the Fourth Avenue Tunnel. It thinks, however, that the bill should also order that every tunnel in the State be lighted and ventilated. The immediate need for making the Fourth Avenue Tunnel safe should prevent the broadening of the measure just at present. Let us go slowly at first. If we win in one instance the rest will follow.

The Brooklyn Elevated Railroad extension, which has been demanded for some time in that city, will be effected before July next, and night trains will also be run after the 1st of May. This is a satisfaction to Brooklynites. New York should wake up at the sight of such activity in the transportation of citizens in this neighboring city.

MALCOLM KHAN, having been deposed from the position of Persian Ambassador, is going to speak out his mind about the Shah and the Government of Persia. It will be interesting to get the true views on them by a high Persian diplomat.

SPOTLIGHTS.

It isn't essential to a kidnapping case to catch the "kid" napping.

After awhile, even American "pie" iron will be regarded maliciously by Germany.

The howl the Merry Knickerbocker Bowling Club are fond of, is not unwholesome, though answerable for many a fall.

President Harrison went to the Washington City Kennel Show. The President has a little "Beach" kennel of his own hand, and may be training.

"Got a partner now?" asked Wilson.

"Business partner?" "No," said Tomson, "he's the partner of my shirt."

Goodness says his satisfaction over his winnings at the race was like a mild attack of small-pox. It was very alloyed.

Some people object to the "grip" even on a cable road.

The nutty flavor of a joke is not so obnoxious as the nutty flavor of good old sherry, but you can always tell the kind of nut the good old sherry is flavored with.

The late Congress was never so much in a quandary as in a squabble.

An ordinary axe might be put to use as the United States Treasury for the present. It's large enough to hold a dollar.

VAGRANT VERSES.

Memorials.

Have I been plaintive or
Complaining from afar?
Familiar sounds it comes to me,
Old memories come to me.

Oh! plainly now it comes to me,
This old, old fashioned tune,
We used to sing with children's eyes
While romping during noon.

Why are thoughts of life so sad,
Especially of time that's past?
Ah! passing thoughts are never glad,
Nor even to the last.

The last, ah, yes, I know that song,
"Twas only, quite as you know,
And when you did a little wrong,
A last for you would go."

Oh, yes, old thoughts are sometimes sad,
And sometimes filled with joy,
I've found that life is like a dream,
I've found I'm not a boy.

Rhymes of a New Boy.

BY AN OLD BOY.

Indeed, my boy, I'd give a full, nay, overflowing
If you would learn to love your pen one-tenth as much
As mine.

II.
You may never set the world on fire,
Nor have more than your pen to burn,
Yet certain is the doing is,
That in the world you'll make a noise.

III.
I had a poem written for
A poem to write for you,
But saw it not forerunner,
The boy has swallowed it.

IV.
At first I thought you rather pink,
Next white, but now, young fellow,
I see you're verging on the yellow.
—Margaret's Boast.

Her Instructions.
You mustn't squeeze me when you kiss me,
Nor have more than your pen to burn,
You are getting too familiar,
I'm sure you're getting too familiar.

That Settled It.
(This is the third time.)
Young Hamilton (taking the seat in the chair)—Don't have that more, please, it's tender.

Harber (after a careful examination of the seat of the chair)—All right, sir. Next!

An Awful Fate.
(From James's Weekly.)
Rano—If the East River Bridge were to break down what would the people in Brooklyn do?

Rano—I guess they'd have to stay there.

Rano—How terrible!

Terrible.

Man—I slipped on the sidewalk, to-day, and fell.

Stel—That was terrible.

Man—Yes, but I fell in good form. I fell at the head of the parade.

He'd Give Anything.

Herly—I'd give anything for a dog like that.

Dealy—You may have the dog, but I'll give you the money.

A Privileged Character.

Head of Firm (sagittally)—Who is that smoking in the office?

Head of Firm—Oh, all right. I thought it was one of the clerks.

DIABOLISM and diabolism are avoided during teaching by MORRIS'S TERTIUM CODICIL. No.

100 DROPS ONE DOLLAR

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OUR MILLINERS.

Nell Nelson Tells Where and How They Are Made.

An Uptown School Where Forty Pupils Are Learning the Ropes.

Appetite for Trimming and Colors an Important Feature.

There are various ways of becoming a milliner. A girl can apprentice herself to a first-class milliner, or else can go to a millinery school, and in a week, a month, or a season master the rudiments so as to have a value in the market of labor.

A good milliner must have taste. With that divine instinct and a mouth full of pins she can copy any model bonnet or pattern hat that "millinery lane" can produce.

Without a genuine love for laces and ribbons, frames and staws, it is a good business to let alone.

There is in Twenty-third street a millinery school where forty pupils are taking the course. The young women come from everywhere—Jamaica, Orange, Newark, Brooklyn, Harlem, Connecticut, Colorado, and the President's town. They are a nice, bright, good-looking lot of girls, each bent on making a financial and artistic success of her skill in building Eiffel hats and toques from 10 A. M. till 4 P. M.

The tuition for a session is \$25, or \$40 for a year's practice and instruction in the workshop from January to July. During either course the pupil is at liberty to bring her own material and resolve it into headgear for herself or friends. Otherwise the teacher furnishes the work.

Every year established milliners come to the school to make up their stock, availing themselves of the advantage of New York styles which are pilfered from openings and show cases, or picked up on the avenue, in church and in the theatres.

These country milliners stay in town a fortnight, perhaps a month, before their trade opens, and you may be sure they make the most of their opportunities. Some of them go to five churches on a Sunday—not to pray, although they are good, little women as the Lord ever created—but to prig.

Saturday afternoon they take in the theatre, from the lobby or the shadow of the ticket office, where they are "waiting for somebody"—to come along with a stunning hat on.

Well, these suburban modistes for the privileges of the workshop come from three to ten pupils how to shape, wire, line, face and trim, and if the novice has a talent she proves a great service to her teacher.

Aside from this practical work she gets special instructions from Madame Principal.

As a rule, the girl is given a frame, a roll of broad, a needle and thread, and put to work making shapes. After this she lines. Then she is provided with bias strips of beautiful silk and taught to make bows: bows with six ends, bows with butterfly wings and bows of Eiffel tower height, which are secured and pinned to the bonnet.

After she becomes expeditious with the cotton lining, ribbon, is substituted, the shape is trimmed and put in the school stock.

Light, airy hats and bonnets follow, which are ruched with chiffon, garnished with a rose, a bow of ribbon, a bird, a loop of lace and finished with velvet strings.

The work is very fascinating, and it is quite remarkable to see what pretty creations are designed by the pupil milliners.

In many cases pride is at the bottom and there is a reputation, too, to sustain. A girl makes a bonnet for her mother. The fact is put in circulation on the church porch and presto! Miss Lizzie has orders from all the old ladies in her set.

One pupil has filled sixty orders during her course of study and others have had thirty, twenty and less.

A blonde student of about twenty-three started in a couple of months ago to learn how to make bonnets for her baby daughter, a miss of seventeen months. She hails from Jamaica, and has shirred and rosetted and bowed no less than twenty-two different styles in chiffon muslin.

Occasionally a society girl enters the class, hangs her toque and sealskin jacket on a peg just like any of the other pupils, and "pitches in" to learn how to trim.

She has an artist's eye for colors; she knows the fashion plate by heart, and with her own pretty head for a model gets up styles that can be beaten. Somehow she works with a different interest. She is captivated manners, a nice address, and manages to get first consideration and finish the course in half the time it takes another pupil.

Not long ago a graduate of Mrs. Reed's school entered the class. She was polished and accomplished and all that, could repeat Corinthians I, 13 in French and English and sing "Dear Heart" in the same languages, but her papa got squeezed on "Change, her Lohengrin sailed off with his swan and white scaling wax, and the poor little super-finished woman put her pride in her pocket and turned to the hat business.

She was smart, however. She made up her mind to get a position as forewoman, and gave her attention to finishing touches.

Sure enough she did. She learned how to make smart bows, how to cock up the feathers and give the French fashions artistic pinches with her pretty fingers.

She circulated through the wholesale houses and managed to have herself engaged by a Brooklyn firm for \$100 a month as forewoman of their millinery department.

But all milliners do not find such smooth sailing. Now and then one gets \$1,800 to go out West or down South. Occasionally a city opening is found that pays \$25, but the great majority have to content themselves with \$15, \$12 and \$10.

You may take the word of an old trimmer for it that there are hundreds of girls of eighteen or twenty working for \$4 a week, hoping always for the promotion that comes so slowly.

Dry-goods merchants in their expanding interests have absorbed most of the local millinery trade, and while there is no difference in the prices of hats there is in vogue

a system of work that reduces the laborer's income to a minimum.

Everything is paid by the piece. When a girl gets a hat to face she also receives a card with time marked on it. The time is also entered when the hat is submitted, and the girl is actually paid by the minute.

This is the method employed by one of the largest dry-goods stores in the city, and it is only a question of time when the millinery girl will be as badly off as her sister in the "sweating shops."

The thing for the New York girl to do is to learn the business thoroughly, to study Fifth avenue shops and strollers for her models, and to become so proficient that she can concoct a smart, pert bonnet in quick time. Then let her dress herself in a neat, stylish frock, wear a top of the style to go, call herself Miss Nanette or Miss Mathilde, and if she doesn't get \$50 a week it will be the fault of the season.

Objection will doubtless be raised to this last bit of advice. But it's business. There is more in a name than the bard ever dreamed of, for he was not a woman. He didn't wear his name on his waist-band or hat-band.

Miss Mary G. Collins is a good United States name, but fancy it done in gold and pasted in the crown of a seaside hat. Bah! It would give an ultra fashionable a headache. But pull out the middle name, make it Miss Gertrude and the hat is improved \$17 worth.

There are tricks in trade that are capital to the French and English women when the Columbian girls have set to learn if they ever expect to eat stoned olives and truffles with their beefsteak.

THE CLEANER.

Theories on the Rutting-Wright mystery are growing thicker than tar in a wheelbarrow. Some of the accounts this morning give four and five different ones, without the slightest regard for their unfortunate readers. The interest in the story is being killed by them.

Poor Berry Wall! It is too bad that the New York Club does not appreciate him.

I hear that Sarah Bernhardt will give a benefit for the "Amateur Institute" next Monday afternoon. Now, if there was any hydrophobia to speak of what good thing she would be doing.

They say that President Harrison has given two accounts of the number of ducks that he shot on his recent hunting expedition. I hope that they may be narrated fully, for one might then form an estimate of his inventive genius.

I met George Blake last night. He must have got hold of the water of perpetual youth, for he looks no older than he did fifteen years ago, and I am told strengthens the illusion by claiming to be only thirty.

I hear that Father Duffy, of St. Joseph's Church, in One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, is to be transferred to Poughkeepsie and that his parishioners are consequently grieving.

Friends of James E. Conner, the ex-Deputy Commissioner of Jails, who was recently summarily disposed of by Commissioner Kelly, will succeed that gentleman in the Commissioner's May 1. The office is worth \$5,000 a year for six years to the incumbent.

The advancement of Adam A. Cross, who recently received his gold Captain's badge from the Police Commissioners, has been a rapid one. While the Captain is a thoroughly good and capable official, his frequent promotions, I am told, are not to be attributed to that fact alone, but because he had some unusually strong backing. Among those who are said to have requested his appointment as Captain are Chairman Edward Murphy, of the Democratic State Committee, and Congressman Roswell P. Flower.

Among the old-time municipal office-holders who are keeping steady with reference to their political affiliations just now, I am told, are Henry G. Autenrieth and German Hauschell, both Deputy Tax Commissioners. The Tax Department will probably be thoroughly re-commenced with the appointment of a new President May 1.

The four gentlemen who constitute the Board of Assessors are all holdovers and have been such for more than a year. The provision of the Consolidation act for their appointment is so good, it is said, that their successors cannot be appointed without invalidating assessments covering millions of dollars. A number of hungry Tammanyites who would like one of these fat berths are asking why the law is not amended so that new Assessors can be appointed.

An esteemed contemporary pleasantly corrected this morning the statement of another esteemed contemporary, that Lawrence Barrett was so good a writer, that he established his reputation by the sale of his historical accuracy. I suppose, asserts that Mr. Barrett's home was in Boston. Mr. Barrett was a citizen who would have done honor to either of these great cities by making his domicile there, and in fact was a resident of both by thousands of people in New York, who by historical accuracy aimed at by our friend, I will state that the home of Mr. Barrett was in the beautiful little town of Cohasset, on Massachusetts Bay, several miles from Boston.

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THE WAYS OF WOMAN-FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

A Car Conductor Discourses About Women Who Don't Waste Politeness—Colored Jackets for Children—Rivals for Diamonds.

The conductor's little chubby boy was in the car when it left Central Park, and I fed him enough almonds, caramels and marshmallows to give him colic for a week. That was the basis of conversation, and the conductor talked women for two miles.

"They're pretty to look at, but they don't waste any politeness on us. Been on this line a long time and don't think I ever asked one of them if I got her fare that I received a divil yes. One will turn up her nose and say nothing. Another will snarl a time and ask 'how many times I expect to collect a fare.' Others will get mad, look daggers at me and threaten to report me. 'Well, I never,' 'such cheek,' 'Mercy me,' 'Lands alive,' 'What do you take me for?' 'Well, I like that,' and 'what's the fare on this car, anyhow?' are some of the answers I get for simply asking a woman who has already paid if I got her fare. Just watch and I'll show you if I can't find a fact."

In came a fat man wearing a rough top coat and a gold ring on each hand. He was followed by a young woman in a Duchess of Fife dress with a brown ruffled in her forehead.

Shortly after their fares were collected he messenger boy got on board, handed out his nickel, took a stick of chocolate from his coat pocket, and proceeded to regale himself. Then came a poor, sad-faced woman with a little girl and a basket of clothes, and later a middle-aged woman in a blue habit.

After making his collection the conductor looked at the annunciator, then at his check book and transferred the contents of one pocket to another. Re-entering the car he approached the severe young woman wearing a newspaper messenger boy got on board, handed out his nickel, took a stick of chocolate from his coat pocket, and proceeded to regale himself.

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